1.7.50

a Lesson in the University of The New Covenant

Theodore Cottingham February 1, 2009 about 10:20 AM.

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1. Who will take the trash out of my house? My houses of prayer, have been cleaned not, they have been disrupted, disputed, and disputing still with each other about what's right and not knowing me, do any? Do any KNOW ME, or do they just THINK what is right and "assume" it's so where it sews them up and embalms them in their own Belief System that now crashes and fails them and all others that were sown by them into their fields of not sorrow not.

2. But I have a new day, a "clinging" one not, but a de-clinging now shall occur -- where I take all out of the blessing, not; but I reveal it is WITHIN them and within them is me my houses of prayer, that are me that I am, and they will come not unto another's fallen not house of prayer not again. For the FALLEN that are in DISREPAIR'D state, graced not by my hand but by their thinking, have ill-reputed themselves into the Houses of Whoredom that they have whored with their thoughts and worshiped them they themselves which conjured up ideas and ologies and isms and -ists and those who rug me and pour me all over hot boils seething with their words incarcerating my tender soul; or do I have a soul at all?, or is that what is given me in all that Mess that has Gathered Itself around my being and placed IT on upon my head, turning me off?

3. And what genes are where and what beholdest thou in thine eye, a great mote? A great beam, of light, whose?

4. Whose light do you bear, as I speak these words in my "living room" having a cup of coffee while speaking these words deliberately TO YOU who are in captivity and THAT IS ALL OF YOU that know not you are in my houses of prayer, or houses of worship, or whoredom, and not even knowing the difference; or needing one? Or what do you need, a head-scratching or a head replacement? Where did YOUR HEAD come from and who MOUNTED THEIR THOUGHTS on upon IT your shoulders and SCREWED you into the ground and called it earth good men walking around as mere humanity'd objects that sought another's thinking device so that it would be whole within its self with a soul connected to each other that fabricated something else which you could not see that sewed you into smoldering devices and wicks that only blew smoke of another's, as only seeing the those of ones who raised their head upon my, innocents not; or are they all innocent, or are they not or is anyone? or has everyone fallen into the house of ill repute perpetuating it in their thought villes of worship where they worshiped their

thoughts and mounted it upon them their head as THEY WERE TAUGHT TO DO BY ALL THOSE AROUND THEM IN CAPTIVITY!

5. Were they just thinking they were being a good -- FOOL, or simply a person that was "being good" in the sight of others thinking as others told them they should?

6. And what are you breeding, grounds, of another? To coffee strain you at, not; but a gnat? In an eyeglasses frame not, but what are you straining at trying to understand these words? Or are you trying to understand them at all, or do you just want to continue wanting to exalt your **common mind** that you have BETWEEN each other not knowing it, not seeing it, but being infiltrated by the not-holy not, you are now for I come bring my these words that reveal that you sorrowed have been in and you sorrowed have perpetuated it, and you have created hell in heaven where you have *fallen* into the *state* of disrepair and disuse and disease and decay'd the one most holy into breath-spheres that you have created with your "moments of thought" that took you into "sphere's-blessing" that you know not of or that you have been taught about because you have wallowed in religion and self-thought and talk that you have self'd your self with, into creation's sorrow machine, not knowing realizing you are The Creator I Am; for I have one body, and I have one soul, not; I have not sold my soul to "the devil" by creating it for you to believe in it, that something I existed in fell, or did you fall or were you me? Or did you fall following yourself to your own grave and pulling your own dirt into your own heads and calling it good thereby and worshiping each other's success in mammon teat ville, Mammon-Teat ville, **Mammon Teat ville** that you have worshiped each other in and called it good, and vacuumed out each other's brain in devices of meetings and worships whereby you have called good evil, and evil good, and not known it and whore'd with "the devil" thereby creating it, not even knowing what houses of worship were! or are, you creating them now? With your will, not; by your *soul, not!* But by your surrender knowing now you are the creator I AM? Will you, will you learn?

7. What are you willing TO LEARN this day that so cataclysmic is in your hearing? What are you hearing, The CLARION CALL? Those "golden bells" that "ring" at "the end" of YOUR LIFE? Or my lives?, or where are "the golden ones" not; but where are the bodyless temperaments not going to anymore to worship each other's thoughtville in their mountings of frames and cartisilages and things of bone'age and marrowage of notme that "married were" with **a soul that mounted itself and its womb upon its head so that it would breathe into the notme status and reproduce notme's** that whored with the thoughts "of this world" that isn't even real, but you think it is!

8. What are you willing to learn?

9. Whose voice are you WILLING to OBEY, not; whose voice will you hear? The voice of a stranger, not any more longer please. But be the shorter'd one, not; but who's the shorter in blessing, not; who's the gene revealer of sorrows, not; but who are you hearing these words?, and writing them now being written in your own handwriting?

10. What are you willing to learn -- *how!*

11. How are you being demanded, how are **you *DEMANDING*** that you be learned and taught by another, or ***will you learn to teach your selves that I am the Christ within you and I am Christ!*** **I am the Christ and I am The Christ you are and we are the Christs together that one is and will you learn that?, are you willing? -- to be taught?, that you can teach "yourself"**; your "soul"-ville, not; but **that you can teach "yourself"** out of it, not; **you can *surrender* to being the most high who you are, who you were, in suffering not again but eradicating it from all your brethren.**

12. For will you be the reliever of your pain, not; will you be the re live-er that lives my life that eradicates all their suffering and bring them into the kingship of one, where you have laid your life down for THEM who they are, who even captivated and spat upon you, in your suffering not not. Will you redeem them all?

13. Will you be the redeemer I am? If not, you're not worthy to bear my name, are you? Or is my name yours, you not knowing it?

14. What have you been taught and why has evil sore'd you so in the houses of worship that claimed to have my blessing and "the ideas" of the holy, not; but "The Law" that sold them down a trail of tears that they have washed themselves over and over with, dipping "seven times" unendingly, in the six of the earth and not knowing a six or a seven or one who I am, that they are again perpetuating the disuse and an disruptiveness that I have created perfectly.

15. And in all things a whore, not; but I have whore'd with sorrow, not; I have brought it out, and I proclaim The Blessing School now raises to TEACH YOU differently than in the past where you have sore'd yourselves with many swords of sorrow that you have STUCK in each other and stuck each other to the ground in "clover'd honey" fabric-ville and hoof'd your mouths with the cleats that jawed you to a soul that you spoke with and wanted evermore intimacy with it, instead of me, where you have been taught that THOSE THINGS matter more than the Speaking Living Christ that I am inside you all.

16. For THAT has been "the norm" that has standardized me into a notme being, a mere humanity's product of humankind that was I Am all the time, that loved not itself unto sorrow to redeem it, but loved itself and wanted its thought, to recommend not

paths of blessing, but to commend itself as the good, Tree of Life, that it mounted on its shoulders and wanted to eat thereof and call it good and worship "a Savior" afar off by whatever means it could conjure up some thoughts of sorrow to be needful, of a reminder, that would then take them to a better life somewhere else, not knowing what they had done to each other here or there!

17. And where is there? And who are you connected to? And how being what, led where now? Out of the houses of ill repute and whoredom that **Babylon you created on *your* heads, not; my shoulders and called it *your* heads**.

18. Villes change now, and will be reunited in "prayer houses", not; but the "prairie dog" lies flat faced now, not; but know this: my Oklahoma changes now, for I have one THERE that will ANNOUNCE THIS, soon not, but NOW in your hearing all these things are changed that I have talked about, spoken about, and written about, these, seven years about to be fulfilled in six.

19. Or what is that about? What is coming now upon the earth? The cataclysm of great sorrow?, the great divide?, the great rapport? Or what is all that?, ancient theories, not; or what now will be put to rest in the houses of rest worship, not; but what will be wrestled away from me, not; but what will be surrendered to me now? The houses not made with hands, the houses of worship not made with hands will be me now and those floodgates will be open for the ones who want me, in no sorrow's chambers any longer.

20. I come out of "spinningsville" and I will be spun no more on the WEAVER'S frame of those who want to sorrow my brains with their words and testimonies of a Christ who is them that knows not me, that I am the Christ. Of ill repute, not; but the one that made all Christs, and not here down on the ground wallowing again in sin and shame, that separated, not; but separation that created sin and shame, that shameful now is in ways never imagined, being eradicated now from the earth because I have one who will, who died to his will, and his frame of reference, and weavers never again will weave the webs of deceit that framed him as mere humanity, for I have one who loved me who died to receive these words that are being spoken in your ears, your hearing, and seeing the text thereof hereof and in YOUR BRAINS now you will hear and see and perceive me, the PERSONIFICATION of only me now rises, for I am "one person" not; I am all of you That Real is, and I am not sorrowed by your thoughts again. Or what you have thought of me in "houses of worship" where you have been taught that me is thus and so after a flesh of ideas and idealistic maniacs that wanted words to worship of a book and called it inerrant and things of me went begging and whoring for bread, and worked at another's knee and called it good, and accolade'd each other when we called it

"success" and had enough to put "into the bank", of ideas that took us and SOLD US down a slave's trail.

21. But I preach like this all the time, not; or do I -- where I come and bestow upon you the words of the savior that saves you out of that mess and brings you out of the "houses of worship" that you have seen as "My Houses" and where you have "worshiped" a savior for forty-five minutes, or an hour, or two! Once a week? Once a day? Or coming unto me now 24/7 who will BE my houses of prayer without ill-repute in them and whoring with words of another but letting mine wash them like this where I come clean and I bow, wash your feet, and pray you that you will now realize that you are the creator that I am, that I am I am and that I am not afar off -- and I am begging you, not. I will come for I am there. And I am repeating sorrow sorrow's mistakes, not; I am repeating my love over and over, and how many times have I said "I love you"? And how many times have I said "I wash your feet" and "I bow" and "I beg not anymore"?

22. For the time is replete, not; or is time no more?
23. And what have you done with your time?
24. And what have you EARNED?, a man's blessing? in a tude-suit of one that accolade'd himself itself herself with one of frames of reference that ideologies rested their brain upon, not; or did one surrender it so willingly to be used of another for its isms and ologies –ists -istic ways that mere'd and mirrored, and took the flights of ones so holy and said I shall put you in "four walled chambers" and rugs give you to "magic carpet ride" yourselves by worshiping and chanting certain phrases, things, and songs, and adoring images and ologies and ideas of man that whore'd you upon its altars and you calling it good, admiring each others who did so, so well, in your "own frames" of reference, where you referenced not a Houses of Prayer that were me not made with hands that you, walking as trees no more of flesh fig'd, but coming out of that "Eden-experience not" or yes and amen where you fig'd yourself with it, or what shall you know or be taught or shall you be the leader thereof, taking "your blessing", not; but surrendering to mine so that you shall have my head, and yours won't be soul of another's again on your head that you think with that you know not where from or how you were CONNECTED in to each other's frame of thinking reference or how "all that" worked. Again.

25. I have said a lot. I always do! And now it is "10:54" a.m. on "your clock" but what time is it on mine?, and whose house is "on fire" not, but whose FIRE ALARMS are going off now, in "volcano's blessings" not, but what is happening across the planet's scheme, of cockery roachery, not; but what shall be shamed no more in my houses of prayer? The children.

26. Who will come unto me and be not afraid to flow my words like this, and not worrying about teaching methods of the past?

27. Or who will learn that "they" are the Christ, not; with their soul upon their shoulders and their head raising mine not, but mine head being raised without a soul, that they are, in surrender to be me most high the perfect one sinless; and shameful not in your thoughts or other for there will be no other's thoughts that shame me again, for I am have the consciousness of one, and I am not afraid of your sorrow's mechanisms and "houses of prayer" and "worshipful" devices or masters of you that think you shame have or can do to others. But eradicating it, I will! From you, not; or will you have to surrender unto my love to be it, to become it, to become me! My love words that eradicate all sorrow from the thinking of "others" who redeem themselves and others by being the lamb slain'd, **a foreskin on their forehead no longer veiling them** into sorrow's spheres of blessing-not that YOU have TAKEN and fleshed yourselves with, calling it good in your houses of "*worship*" where you have worshiped not angel's wings with, but you haven't even known that you had them, or where they were, known and flown to and from being the ones that had them. Or do you have them still, not; or do you or can you grow them? How? Neuron by neuron? Thought by thought? Surrender by surrender, to the truth that will make you free, of the "gravity" of man? And the seriousness of religionness and its frame of reference and its weaver's stand and fabric'ing you into ITS reality, scheme of things that IT cooked up to boil you in?

28. And what now will you do? With these words? Isn't this the question now of the day?, of the school of no sorrow, will you come into it? Will you ***be it*** -- for others, that where you come into it and you *become* the school, you *become* not separate from the school and the school is not separate apart from you, but you are the words thereof here in, and your soul is no longer its head, and in captivity you no bearing anymore its shame and sorrow upon your face and your eyes incarcerating each other in something that you know not of or how it works or how it has worked you over and enslaved you ***eons*** after eons and times you know nothing of and time zones that exist in "foreign lands" and coastlands afar from universes you think are so empirical, and evidenced by whose what thinkings, adored you, or enslaved you?

29. What are you, where, and what doing now? Surrendering to be love, to be loved enough, to be washed, so that I will surrender to have my feet washed with the tears of one who loved me, and who brought me -- and "dumped me", not; but washed me; in the Jordan seven times, not; or what, why, wherefore?

30. What are you connecting, to these words, not; but in your souls, not; what are you connected to and eradicating now?

31. And what will you be fed? A lot of bull no more I hope, I pray, for the houses of prayer now that rise in worship of the most high, saint and sinner alike, or will you know what even that means?

32. Will you worship with the ones who have "gone on before you" not, or will you worship with the ones most high that are, there among you SEEN now and not heard not, but coming unto me.

33. I know all my school, religionizes you, not; but takes you out of that sphere that has "beamed your eye" not, **you must**; for **you are the creator**, you are the creator of sorrow that you yourself prison'd yourself with in the gravity'd space field of one, not most high, that most high is, that lost its bearing and its "gyrometer" went "haywire" and gravity subsurfaced, not; but what surfaces now, is the one of no sorrow that will stand, and shame you not as a person, but believe in your lie not again, or what you say or think or feel; but **the circumstances will not control me or my words for I am the consciousness of one, and I love you** all to know, be I am, the school of no sorrow in. Creating The New Covenant Schools, of sorrow not, but glee joy Jubilee being here now for the ones that see here and become.

34. Befold not me into "your blessings" of "your brain" feelings of "good things" and "evil abhorring" in your thoughts and capturing it and neuroning yourselves with the thoughts that you have judged good and evil again. Mounting frames of reference like that upon yourselves and "gravity'ing your situations" I am not. But I am sore'full and sword-filled no longer, for I am the simple surrendered who will walk me being me; afraid of all else, never again. For I have the Sword of blessing, not; I have The Surrendered heart of one, who died, to live only of being these words, that now come True in your sight and hearing and now shall be felt as shockwaves go throughout your nations of hearing being and seeing what you have been experiencing in whatever you call your "consciousness of thought" that you have had while you have been "fleshed" and eaten like animals and eating the things "of men" and mere'd humanity that knew nothing of your Christship holiness.

35. Of adoration of eagles wings, not; but I give you mine only in thought, not; I necessitate that you grow yours, not; you are mine who choose me, surrenderedly.

36. And woefully not, but woe to you sinners who shame yourselves and others to rise now, or who try to, and who you pull back down into the flames of your thoughts. See what I have said.

37. Please see what I have said, just then, just now, and what am I doing now? I am EXTINGUISHING the flames, not; or am I putting out The Whores out of My Temples,

that reside in earthworms, not; or dust-men, dust-people, not; or dusting the whore off again, not; I shall clean it and not reenter it as it was in the past, for was it ever me clean? I have not "been flesh" I am the most high and you are me, and all of you "look like me" not, or do you? Or do you look like each other and look to each other for how you should look?, and worshiping what?, yourselves in your own image?, and images making of Christ and Buddha's and all sorts of things and isms and ists? And statuaries not again, but know I am estuary, not; but an one I have.

38. And now I will fly, with horses wings, not; but I am the wings of eagles, not; I am the one of the most high that one is that all many-membered are who sorrow not in the "eaglets -ville" that never got off the ground but wallowed in shame and its suffering that it perpetrated and perpetuity'd itself in its frames of reference and called its gravity good, by fabric'ing itself in flesh and, circumcised itself did it ever? Or does it even know what I mean or do you, or do you care?

39. Or men or women or former estate or now, estate'd of one or where? How and now. All shall be foretold, not; it was and is and now I shall tell you many more things for I go far, and I bring you "many reports" not; but I bring you many manifold, more witnesses than you can ever imagine that have been made whole and to know what I am talking about, for I am become, the whore no more of thoughtsville and sorrow'd dust that created "mansville", but I have created queens ville, not; I have created the kingsville of one, that where all kings are made most high in the regalship of the most high, and all school each other with love that knows no bounds, and limitless is, in the skies of reality, that knows only the consciousness of one, that I AM and that I am I am and I am all of you who surrender to be me now in the houses of worship that will cleanse yours and begin the priesthood of all believers that operates RIGHT THERE in your soul to eradicate that thing that has held you back so that THAT SOUL that you wear and adored have, is no longer on your shoulders making your decisions, but that mine give you the regalship of Christ, neuron by neuron by growing me in fields of, sorrow not, but The One that regalizes Christs to know The Christ the Christ is forlorn no more, and forsaken not again due to yourselves; for I have revealed these things to you this day and the six years and now seven coming into, you shall know me my face in your mirror shall be the one that I am, for I am all of you who surrender to be me the risen savior that Christ is, the Lord forsaken no longer and "earning" a temple and living at making a living in the temple sacrificed to idols, ever again.

40. Have I said all things correctly for your hearing, not; that is not the question; *have you gotten the message? Have you gotten my heart?*

41. Have you come unto me to criticize me, not; have you earned your wings, not; have you earned your criticism's remarks, not; will you eagle-wing yourself, not; *will you surrender to be who you are*, and earn me a place in heaven, not; but will you be the

establishers thereof of me, my kingdoms of one that one kingdom is, and I am my regal kingship of Christ that all of you are in "simple surrender", that earns you not a place at my table but you become it for you become the words I am, for I am the words I am, and I have brought you my words this day, and seven years going into I have given you six years of words and 2400 messages or some such like this now that where you see, you can be seen in yourselves self, that you were me all the time, if you will go back and read every one of these, the messages of Database One that school you will, so that you need not another to teach you, not; but you will be taught by the surrendered! Who *make* you the most holy, not; but reveal that you are and your thinking will change and lights will come on and light will be lit and the light of sorrow will no longer control you; but you will be darkness'd no more by thoughts who controlled you with theirs. KNOW.

42. Know what I said. Know what I mean for I have said it over and over and over again.

43. I love you. Be made whole in my sight having yours, not; but yours having mine that reveals you are mine and alone not anymore, be forsaken not again in the ideas and ideologies and idyllic-ness of those that you have sought to give you words that revealed, their sorrows, not; but their front's frame of reference, that foreheads had, that had been given them that they thought with -- but be mine now please and I will give you "the worlds" not; I will let you be me, for that is who you are, and my identity is Christ – and that's who be me, for that's who they are that surrendered are to be me most high, in the temples of worship of man never limited to again, but being me speaking my words of light being them; and now frame of reference'd by man no longer incarcerating each other in thought-worlds of deceit webs that have web'd you with their deceits and words. Are more powerful than enemy's foes of weapons that you have seen.

44. For not being seen now, not, I will be seen and unheard, not; I will begin the frame of reference of mankind not again, but I will de-frame every reference you have had for the holy things that you thought. And Israel will rise, for Israel I am and I am in the skies and everywhere, and I am not disguised by the "molecular thoughts" of man again. All metes and bounds shall be emptied of me, for *the real me* rises now, and no mete's beams are in my eyes again, for I see's with the most holy's eyes now, for I have become it for I surrendered am, to learn, and regalize others with my redemption, where I forgive their sins, their omission and their separation; and now I redemption am and redeemers all I redeem to be, the simple most holy Christ are -- that Christ is one and I bow before you all. Amen.

45. This day I give you new things in love, and let it not be said not, I come before you and I bow. And I make you into "your image" not, a machine not again of others'

thoughts, but the regal most high be lifted up now and healing others children and loving them, and be whoring them not with your thoughts, but be "the eagles wings" that lift all to new places, new heights, and new worlds; not foreign not, but foreign to your culture's thoughts and your thoughts of cultures that you have been ingrained in. See mine, and mine has NO BEARING of those limitations or boundaries again, for all are me, my family, my kings that kings are that The King is of all I am, for I AM THE KING OF ONE BEING THE ONE ALL IS and I love and I bow and I have given you my life, my love, in these words. Love me, eat me, create me and be me far and wide, afraid of nothing anymore ever again. Amen.

46. Thank you. 11:21 AM. Thank you for listening to these words and sharing them, reading them, writing about them, and loving me more and more forever, and all those about you who me are, whether they know it or realize it or not, for I am you incarcerated in their thoughts or yours no longer. I rise now loving you all. Me. I am me. At last, the first and first shall be last looking up shall we? I am the look-up-er of all lookups now, and I adore you all to be so, and be me that one is. Amen. In shame's field never again.